

The Critic

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The Precession of the Poets.

CONSIDERING the close similarity which exists between written music and written verse, each being the symbolization of sounds produced by musical instruments (the human voice is virtually a reed-instrument of wonderful range and flexibility), and considering that spoken words have a greater range and variety of vowel-colors and a fuller and richer scale of tones than have other musical sounds, it ought not to seem strange, that, with the growth of harmony in modern orchestral or symphonic music, there should be a demand for a parallel development in the technique of poetry. Music and poetry are too subtly coördinated to permit one of them to be long in advance of the other. Can we doubt that, as Wagner broke away from the French and Italian opera and established a grander species of musical drama, so some great poet in the near future will emancipate English poetry from its stiff archaic forms, by producing a series of splendid creations clothed in the free and flowing rhythms and higher harmonies which are already exemplified in the maturer work of Shakspeare, Tennyson, Swinburne and Whitman, and imperatively demanded by the rapidly refining musical sense of society? But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that in the matter of rhythm and harmony there has been going on for the past three centuries a double series of progressions. First, a gradual progress, or precession, of each great English poet away from the stiff formality of end-stopped lines, rhymes and regularly recurring line-proportions, toward the freedom of run-on—or interwoven—lines in blank-verse (thus forming rhythmic prose); and, second, a general progress or development of musical harmony. A critical examination of the work of representative English poets and prose-writers will illustrate two points: first, the noble function of rhythmic and melodious prose as a vehicle of poetic thought; and, second, the extremely recent appearance in lyrical poetry of something corresponding to orchestral harmony, with its variant modulations and motives, its chords and its concords.

Shakspeare furnishes the most remarkable example of harmonic growth in the direction of rhythmic prose. The well-known researches of Shakspearean scholars into the technique of the poet have revealed the fact that in the majestic work of his maturer years he almost wholly abandoned rhyme, avoiding also the rigidity of end-stopped lines, and by the adoption of run-on lines, double endings, Alexandrines, broken lines, and pure prose, and, above all, by freer use of the melodious cadences of common speech, with its abrupt transitions and rests (or silences), gave to his diction the spontaneous grace and strength of nature,—so that we may say that his earlier creations bear to the later the same relation that the stiff archaic draperies of the Ægina marbles bear to the woven wind that wraps the perfect limbs of the figures of the Parthenon and of the Temple of Victory at Athens. In 'Love's Labor's Lost,' his earliest play, there are 1000 lines of rhymed dialogue; in 'A Winter's Tale,' one of his latest, there are none. I find

by Mr. Fleay's metrical table in the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society for 1874 that one-third of the lines in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' are rhymed, while of 'Lear' only one forty-fourth, of 'Hamlet' only one forty-eighth, are so. Out of 3924 lines in 'Hamlet,' 1208 are prose and 2490 are blank-verse: the dialogues are mostly in prose, and the statelier speeches and soliloquies in heroics. I think it not improbable that had Shakspeare lived longer, he would have composed serious dramas almost entirely in prose. The comedy of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and the tragi-comedy of 'Much Ado About Nothing' are nearly all in prose. I will go further, and venture the assertion that to our eye and ear fully two-thirds of the Shakspearean blank-verse—all, namely, except that inspired by the strongest conception, as the speeches of Hamlet to the Ghost—would be more acceptable if run smoothly on in the prose form, instead of being chopped up into lines. The stiff antiqueness of blank-verse has become intolerable on the modern stage. We require our plays to be written in the sparkling speech of every-day life. The blank-verse dramas of the Victorian poets have all fallen still-born. One may boldly assert that it is now a fundamental error to compose any long dramatic or epic poem in English heroics throughout. There are tedious prosaic interludes in every extensive poem of this kind: let these be cast in the form of rhythmic prose. Then, instead of distressing inversions and screwings and twistings, we should have the balanced harmonies and flowing Homeric stateliness of good English prose. Apply this rule to 'Paradise Lost,' and you at once make every page of it readable. Compare the prose of Sir Thomas Mallory's 'Morte d'Arthur' with the blank verse of Tennyson's versions: you find the heroics, as such, generally tedious; the free flow of rhythmic thought is obstructed by them; you prefer the noble simplicity of the fluent prose.

Rhyme, music, 'clang-tints' for impassioned lyrics, and the rich harmonies and melodies of rhythmic prose for the bulk of dramatic and epic work,—is not this the true literary canon? Good speech is song—a succession of rhythms, tunes and cadences, played on a wondrous instrument. And written speech may be just as musical. 'Good prose,' says Landor, 'to say nothing of the original thought it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few.' The writer remembers in Mr. Symonds's 'Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe' long passages which are almost unbroken strains of iambic music. And the same is true of passages in Ruskin's works.

As to harmony in verse, it is high time that a distinction were drawn. There is now in English poetry an organ-harmony and an orchestral harmony, the harmony of Milton on the one hand, and that of Swinburne and Whitman on the other. The two latter poets are the sole representatives and creators of orchestral harmony in verse: before them it was not. The stately rhythmic movement, the 'solemn planetary wheelings,' and the antique and sonorous diction of 'Paradise Lost,' as well as such fragments as Tennyson's Miltonic lines to the 'god-gifted organ-voice of England,'—these do not contain the same kind of harmony that we find in Swinburne's wonderful hymns to the sun-god, or in his poem on the death of Wagner, or in Whitman's still more marvellous ocean-and-nature-chants, such as the one beginning, 'As I Ebbd with the Ocean of Life,' or 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.' The splendid music of Swinburne's greatest pieces, the winding fjords of sound, the recurring motive-phrases, discords, susurrus, alliteration, fugue, and thunder-vibrant base are like nothing so much as the woven sound of a great symphony. And such they were intended to be: they are the counterpart of Wagner's music, and embody the more refined harmonies of the human soul of this day. The same is true of Whitman when at his best. Indeed, he was the pioneer in the

new movement. The music of his sea-chants is on so vast a scale (the lines like arrows timbered for sea-hurricanes) that unless you absorb them synthetically, with an eye to each piece in its entirety, you miss the key altogether. Great paintings, great statues, great poems and great organs must have perspective of the eye or ear.

To sum up what has been advanced: If I have correctly interpreted the spirit and tendency of the age, the rigid metrical style of many kinds of conventional poetry is moribund, and will be supplanted by the richer and more plastic technique of poetic prose, or blank-verse that is virtually prose. In other words, the art of verse is narrowing to its legitimate field, the lyrical; and all less impassioned, non-lyrical, serious poetic thought should henceforth avoid the disagreeable monotony and stiffness of measured lines. Finally, the higher kinds of lyrical poetry will be vastly enriched by the cultivation of musical harmony, and by the more careful and skilful use of rhymes, melodies and tone-colors.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

Reviews

In the Buddha's Holy Land.*

THE author of 'The Light of Asia' made a winter pilgrimage to India and Ceylon, a few months ago, and the story of his experiences is now given us in a daintily printed and bound volume of a size to fit the coat-pocket. Two or three dozen cheap reproductions of photographs by no means new, and common to books on India, give rather an air of staleness to a fresh narrative; and there is no map. With the exception of those who buy books for the pictures, most readers, we think, would surrender a dozen cheap 'process' illustrations for a clear chart of this British pilgrim's travels. It is unfortunate, too, that the author must so often climb the stilts of pedantry, and disfigure his pages with so many uncouth Hindustanee words. Surely we can understand India without importing her dialects on page and tongue. In some of his chapters, a rivulet of English seems to meander among thickets of foreign terms that seem as needless as weeds. Despite Mr. Arnold's zeal for Buddhism, and his unstinted praise of its pure doctrines, he takes amazingly good care to give all that pertains to it a delightfully sensuous background. The average Arab needs much moonlight and palm-tree to exorcise from our cold Western intellect suggestions of the need of soap and baths. So, even the magic of the British journalist's word-painting creates a lurking suspicion that the Buddhism of the philosophers and that of the masses are separated by uncanny items, making a long distance. Much missionary labor, in the form of poems and Theosophy, will be needed before cold Christians can appreciate or understand this 'Asiatic Christianity' (page 224). On his pages Mr. Arnold sprinkles lavishly poems of his own, which add greatly to the enjoyment of a perusal of his narrative. His zeal is equally warm for Buddha's doctrine and for British policy, and he believes not only that the government of the country is the best possible, but that the natives—with no exception worth noticing—honor, admire and value the yoke under which they are held.

To what the author says of the religion, as founded by Buddha, few healthy-minded people will take exception; but when he speaks of the Buddhism of to-day, or even of developments not many centuries later than the sage himself, there will be radical differences of opinion. In his 'Light of Asia,' Mr. Arnold took liberties with time, very much as the poets of India do, and knocked chronology into printer's *pi*. In his present volume, he states dogmatically, even with polemic severity, that 'the poor peasant of the fields, and the gentle Hindu wife, perambulating a peepul tree smeared with red, will tell you that the symbol they reverence is only a symbol' (page 113). He sneers vigorously at English writers who call the people of India

'idolaters.' Yet, unless we empty language of its meaning, we think that the mass of Buddhists of to-day are idol-servers. Four years' daily study of popular Buddhism in an Asiatic country forbid the writer of this article to share Mr. Arnold's opinions. In another place, however, the author shows the true core of the pure doctrine of Shakyamuni, and thus reveals the point of contact with what—despite all surface differences—is the heart of Christianity. 'The great Teacher never did deny the Supreme Being, but merely declared Him past finding out by sense and knowledge; unsearchable; not to be degraded by definitions. . . . Nirvana is by no means annihilation, but life beyond the life of the senses, more truly life than we living can know, a "peace that passeth understanding."'

The priests of Ceylon poured lavishly the treacle of flattery down the spinal column of the poet-journalist; and tastes may differ as to the propriety of his printing their super-saccharine adulations. However, they give us an insight into Oriental methods of praise, and are indications of gratitude for Western sympathy. Despite the drawbacks to the pleasure of reading 'India Revisited,' which are not many or glaring, we heartily commend the book as fresh, informing, and full of stimulus.

Leighton's "First Steps in Latin."**

LEIGHTON'S 'First Steps' is intended 'to furnish pupils who have given little or no attention to English grammar a complete course in Latin for one year.' It contains a brief presentation of the main facts of English grammar, a series of exercises in simple sentences designed to impress Latin forms and rules, and a summary of the principles of Latin syntax, together with notes and vocabularies. The general plan of the book follows that of Comstock's 'First Latin Book.' That the obligations to this, however, though unacknowledged, are not wholly of a general character, seems evident from the comparison of a few passages:

Comstock's 'First Latin Book,' 1883.

Page 17: The conquests of the Romans caused it [the Latin language] to spread over the rest of Italy, and over the greater part of France and Spain.

Page 18: A diphthong (meaning 'double sound') is a union of two vowel sounds in one syllable.

Page 179: The word *Periphrastic* is derived from two Greek words, and means *roundabout speaking*. The English word *circumlocution* (circum, around, and loquor, I speak) means the same thing.

Leighton's 'First Steps in Latin,' 1886.

Page 21: The conquests of the Romans caused the Latin language to spread, not only over Italy and Sicily, but over the greater part of France and Spain.

Page 23: Diphthongs (meaning 'double sound') are the union of two vowels in one syllable.

Page 259: The word *periphrastic* is derived from two Greek words, and means *round-about speaking*—the English word *circumlocution* (circum, around, and loquor, I speak).

After this it is not surprising to find that the 'general view of the cases and their English equivalents' (page 49) is almost word for word identical with that given by Comstock (page 24).

A noticeable feature of Prof. Leighton's book is the consistent disregard of the nicer usages of English, instances of which appear on almost every page; as, 'we will go,' as a translation of *ibimus* (p. 281); 'I fear lest my friend is not coming' (p. 309); 'Volsinii, a town of the Tuscans, was consumed by lightning' (p. 363). A climax is reached in the following, which stands alone as a model sentence for translation into Latin (p. 363): 'Wherefore it pleased him to send legates to Arionistus, to demand from him that he should appoint some place central with respect to both of them for a conference, (saying) that he wished to treat with him concerning the republic, and the highest interests.' The old practice of making sentences with English words and Latin idioms for models in writing Latin is rapidly dying out; we are sorry to see any book appear which sets before the pupil, at the very age when his literary style

* India Revisited. By Edwin Arnold. \$2. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

** First Steps in Latin. By R. F. Leighton, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

begins to be formed, such barbarous misuses of his mother tongue.

The most remarkable portion of the book is that given to notes on some chapters from the first book of the 'Gallic War.' Here the pupil (a beginner, it is to be remembered) is favored with prolix disquisitions on archæological and historical points—not all of which are perfectly clear. On p. 410 we read: '*Duas legiones conscribit*: the 11th and 12th, and the three (the 7th, 8th, and 9th) legions in winter-quarters at Aquileia, in Illyria; one legion (the 10th) was already on the Rhone—six in all—about 25,000 men.' But on p. 415 we are told that 'Cæsar's army was composed of four veteran legions, and two legions newly levied; viz.: the 10th, which he had found in the Province, the old legions (7th, 8th, and 9th) which he had brought from Aquileia, and the two new ones (11th and 12th) raised in Cisalpine Gaul—very nearly 36,000 legionaries.' The six legions seem to have increased in number about one-third while the editor was writing four pages. On page 415 one finds the following: '*Milia passuum* := 4854 ft., a little less than an English mile = 5280 ft.;' eleven lines below, 'a Rom. mile = 4840 ft., an Eng. mile = 5280 feet.' On p. 413 the reader is told that 'regularly the price of the corn [grain is meant] was deducted from the soldier's pay, which for legionaries = about 225 denarii = about \$37 to \$40;' whether this sum is for the day, the month, or the year, the editor does not say. The book as a whole gives one the general impression of a disordered compend of unorganized material, the infelicity of whose arrangement is made more distressing by the bold and striking display of type.

"East Angels."*

It is not probable that Miss Woolson will ever write anything that is absolutely poor; but it is certain that 'East Angels,' if not poor, is at least poorer than we ought to receive from such a writer. As a whole, indeed—as a novel,—it is singularly lacking in the definiteness of plot which should characterize so long a story. One closes the book with a feeling that hardly anything has changed in the situation since the opening chapter, six hundred pages back. You remember that Garda has been married twice, and that Winthrop has come to a realizing sense of his loving Margaret; but it ought not to take six hundred pages to tell that. It is true that the six hundred pages are, as a rule, very pleasant pages, and that as a collection of episodes, the book has its charm. Mrs. Carew's tea-party, Margaret's search for her husband in the swamp, with its weird, wonderful descriptions, the Rev. Mr. Moore's rescue of the furniture from the fire, and a hundred other little details, are chapters of inimitable writing and of indescribable charm. But they do not blend with the whole; they have nothing to do with the whole. Between these oases are pages of almost wearisome reading, and neither the wearisome pages nor the oases come to anything at last. The fact is conspicuous that a tremendous pedestal has been erected with infinite pains, on which a superbly glorious creature named Margaret is to be raised for the public to worship; but that the public not only fail to worship, but fail to feel the flutter of a heart-beat in Margaret's behalf. That Margaret resists the temptation of a divorce, and that she and Winthrop decided not to see each other any more, hardly saves the book from an atmosphere of questionable morality. Not only is the reader tempted to resent Garda's phenomenal candor and really frightful behavior as almost a libel on young girlhood of the Nineteenth Century, but he is tempted to feel that the final conquering of temptation in the last line of the last page hardly makes up, as a moral influence, for the persistent dwelling on a morbid and dangerous situation, in a way to enlist the reader's sympathy with the temptation rather than with the victory. The book would not be at all worth reading for the story or for the

moral; but the delightful episodes scattered through it are too good to be sacrificed to the lack of taste and skill in rounding them out. Read 'East Angels' by all means; but if you have a judicious friend who has read it, get him to mark the oases for you, and skip the rest.

The Life of Herder.*

NOT every man's life can be made to fill two thick octavo volumes without generous padding, but Herder is one of whom the world knows too little. He was not only in the front rank of the great last-century Germans, but was nearly unique in his versatility and prolificness. He was poet, theologian and philosopher by turns, and sometimes all three together. His published works are in forty-five volumes. This sounds wearisome, but a great preacher, a friend of princes, and a man of force and strong personal influence, is no Dryasdust, if he should write a libraryful. He was a pupil of Kant, before Kant was greatest, and later his critic; he disputed with Lessing; he made a lasting impression on Goethe; he was a prominent figure in the famous Weimar society of a century ago. He had far less critical insight, less firmness of grasp, and less theological importance than Lessing; Kant was immeasurably his superior in speculative genius; Goethe towered above him in creative power; Schiller's enthusiasm was more unbounded than his; but the mingling of these qualities and functions in him produced a unique and effective character, which impressed itself on those about him more than the casual reader of him can well understand. He abounded in contradictions. We find the Christian theologian passing quite beyond the bounds of truth in denying the authorship of writings likely to involve him in difficulties; the scholar and philosopher was vain, irritable and bitter; the devoted husband did not keep clear of threatening entanglements with charming women; yet all these things, which did not deprive him of the intense devotion of wife and friends, while he lived, need not now destroy our interest in him nor our respect for his wonderful gifts. He lived in a world of ideals; his beliefs were broad, often vague, but noble and stimulating. At bottom he was, no doubt, a poet, and literature has the best right to claim him as her own; but many different sides of him come out in his best-known book, 'The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry,' by which he himself might be willing to be remembered. This biography is prepared with German thoroughness in detail, but with a certain neglect of consecutive and full characterization which sometimes makes thoroughness dull. All the colors are there, well ground and mixed and carefully laid on, yet somehow the picture wants life.

A Memorial of Mary Clemmer.†

EDMUND HUDSON, in his 'Memorial of Mary Clemmer,' departs somewhat from the stereotyped methods of biographical narration. Instead of a consecutive and detailed account of Mrs. Hudson's life, chronologically arranged, it is presented in a series of sketches, portraying her personal traits and characteristics, her friendships, her work in literature and journalism, her patriotic spirit, her devotion to the welfare of women, her love of nature, her relations to various persons, her religious life, her power to delineate character, etc. Only so much of her personal history is given as is needed to illustrate and connect these sketches. There is little or nothing to gratify that curiosity which concerns itself with the minutiae of dates, localities and events. Mr. Hudson's judicious treatment of the life and work of this typical American woman is commendable. He notes among her prominent traits an exuberance of spirits, a sympathetic nature, an abhorrence of everything savoring of insincerity or deception, an extraordinary gift of vision,

* East Angels. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Herder: nach seinem Leben und seinen Werken dargestellt von R. Haym. 2 vols. Berlin: R. Gaertner's Verlagsbuchhandlung.
† An American Woman's Life and Work. A Memorial of Mary Clemmer. By Edmund Hudson. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

both physical and spiritual, enabling her to read thought and character at a glance, unselfishness, moral courage, a promptness in keeping engagements, domesticity, and a love of her work. 'She counted that day lost when she had failed to add something to her own thought or to the expression of it; and the highest privilege and pleasure she knew was the exercise of her intellectual powers.' She wrote with great facility, usually producing a four-column article almost at one sitting. This ability was, in part at least, the result of discipline. She says: 'I once entered into a written contract to write one column per day for three years on any subject I was instructed to write upon, and at the end of that three years I had not for a single day failed of fulfilling my task, which included everything, from book-reviews, comments on the Government and public men and affairs, to a common advertisement paragraph. It was a toilsome time; but one positive satisfaction I feel in looking back is the consciousness of the entire command it gave me of all my mental forces. It cured me utterly of the mental perversity that waits for the inspiration of creative moods to do what is necessary to be done.' She had a genius for friendship, and drew to her confidence and regard a large circle of sincere and talented men and women. Her keen sense of the value of integrity in public and social life made her unsparing and unshrinking in her exposure and denunciation of all forms of corruption. This volume is the tribute of 'one to whom she was dearest friend and sweetest comrade,' and whose appreciative memorial must contribute largely to a fuller understanding of her worth and work.

Recent Fiction.

'MY FRIEND JIM,' by W. E. Norris (Macmillan), has already attracted much attention as a serial in *The English Illustrated*, and is certainly one of the author's best stories. Its charm is difficult to analyze, as it lies chiefly in the shrewd yet genial interpretation of human nature. It is realistic in making use only of the average incidents in life of the kind depicted; and it strains nothing for the sake of romance, allowing the good sometimes to die young and undeservedly, and the wicked often to triumph outwardly so far as this world's goods are concerned. One can hardly tell what the story is, there seems to be so little of it when one would sum it up; yet the reader will find nothing more entertaining for a summer afternoon or a winter evening. The style is precisely that of the perfectly unpretentious, straightforward, keen-sighted, yet by no means remarkable young man, who is supposed to tell the story. The pathetic death of little Sunning loses nothing of its pathos in the hands of this realistic spectator, and is as beautiful and touching as the death of little Dombey, without any of Dickens's theatrical clap-trap of comment. Incidentally, let us commend also the admirable print, paper, and margin of this attractive paper edition.

SUCCESSFUL as have been all Mrs. Wister's graceful translations of pretty German stories, her latest, 'Violetta,' from the German of Ursula von Manteuffel (Lippincott), is certainly the best. The most *blasé* reader of romances will sit up late over this one; and the most inveterate disciple of the new school will enjoy this spirited and tender story, which is by no means destitute of plot and incident, though owing its interest equally to the perfection of its detail. The book is quite a novelty as a variation on the popular version of a *prima-donna* in private life, though the new version is by no means a goody-goody one; and every personality in it, though there are more than the usual number of characters, is as clearly and carefully drawn as if each were the only one. The story is thus remarkable for its even perfection; it has not a dull page, nor a superfluous paragraph, nor an uninteresting character in it; and it has the great merit of giving on the whole a noble view of life. — 'THE WRECKERS,' by Geo. Thomas Dowling (Lip-

pincott), is not a story of the sea or sea-coast, but of the social wreckers whom the author sums up as 'the intentionally vicious, the systematically tyrannical, and the thoughtlessly frivolous.' After this discovery, it is a little puzzling to find the author in the preface saying that he cannot tell how his book will be received, 'because you never know how people will take a jest,' and apologizing for what may seem to his readers as 'merriment a little boisterous.' We did not find ourselves convulsed with merriment over the story; but the author is undoubtedly right about the wreckers.

AS THE average story goes, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' by Jane Stanley, is quite a good one. It is made up of extremely improbable situations in the ordinary British household, and relies for plot on the inevitable Damocles secret of fiction which is always hanging over somebody's head; and yet it is thoroughly readable and at times unusually entertaining. — THE appearance in the preface to 'The Fall of Asgard,' by Julian Corbett, of a 'short glossary of a few Norse words' does not predispose one to attack the long story in fine print. Very little trial of the book proves it to be not only formidable reading for pleasure, as a struggle with Scandinavian archæology, but too full of horrors for any but very grim enjoyment. — 'BAD TO BEAT' contains some exciting scenes from the Sepoy rebellion, and is much better than Hawley Smart's previous efforts. — 'KATHARINE BLYTHE,' by Katharine Lee, will be a godsend to those who want something to last them several weeks. But it is too long for its fine print to be tempting to most of us, and a glance through it does not reveal much chance for a single exciting page. The four volumes above noticed appear in Harper's Handy Series.

'POMEGRANATE SEED' begins with a highly melodramatic scene, and is throughout too melodramatic even for fiction for whose remarkable incidents Ireland and Poland stand sponsors. — 'LIKE LUCIFER,' by Denzil Vane, and 'A Faire Damzell,' by Esmé Stuart, do not call for lengthened notice. They are of the kind that excites endless wonder how so many pages have been evolved out of nothing. — 'KEEP MY SECRET,' by G. M. Robins, is the story of such an utterly absurd 'secret' that the preposterous efforts to 'keep' it which form the tale in no way surprise or interest the reader. — 'THE CHILCOTES,' by Leslie Keith, is the story of two widows, the youngest and prettiest of whom is of course not long left a widow. The four volumes above noticed appear in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

THE remarkable doctrines of Theosophy might be supposed to lend themselves easily to burlesque, and Mr. Anstey might be supposed to be just the one to burlesque them. 'A Fallen Idol' (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is, however, rather tedious reading, being too palpably absurd even as a take-off. Asiatic jugglery is bewildering, but an idol removed from Asiatic jugglery and still juggling, is a conception almost too fantastic even for a successful extravaganza. As a forcible illustration of antics hardly more extravagant than the subtle theories of the Theosophists might warrant, it is not a success either; the painful fact being apparent that the reader is not very much amused after all. What Theosophists really believe will probably amuse him quite as much. — FOR a cold-blooded wooing, commend us to the love-story in 'A Politician's Daughter,' by Myra Sawyer Hamlin (Appleton). Why the heroine should marry, on the last page, the young man who, on the first page, walks home with her, leaving her at the gate with the calm information that he loves her but cannot go in, as he despises her father for being in politics, is by no means clear to the reader. Why he should love her, or she should love him, is incomprehensible; and that they do love each other, is

purely a matter of the author's assurance. If the story had been called 'The Courtship of a Prig,' and intended as a satire on prigs, it might have seemed something of a success; but that the author is evidently in earnest divests the story of what little amusement it might have afforded. The clumsy device of raising obstacles by having the 'Politician' expect his daughter to marry another man in order to have the secret of his political intrigues kept, is too old-fashioned and too un-American to pass muster. The story is padded with a good deal that has not the least bearing on the plot, and the reader hardly shares the author's conviction that her politician was second only to Sumner, and his daughter a perfect duchess.

Minor Notices

A VALUABLE contribution to the history of the Civil War as it was enacted in Missouri has been made by the Adjutant-General of General Price, who was the leader of the Confederate forces in that State. To Mr. Thomas L. Snead were committed the papers which told the story of the Confederate effort to capture the State; and he has now felt it his duty to make use of the materials in his hands. He has used them well, in a true historic spirit, and he has produced, in 'The Fight for Missouri' (Scribner), a genuine contribution to the history of the Civil War. He has written a book no one else could have written, and he has made use of every available source of information. 'I have written this book,' he says, 'because it was my duty to write it; because, too, I fancy that I know more about the events that are narrated in it, than does any one who will ever take the trouble to write about them; and because I am the only living witness to many facts the remembrance of which ought to be preserved.' 'As it was my fortune,' he again says, 'to know personally most of the men who took a prominent part in the struggle for Missouri, and something about the character and credibility of every one of them, I feel sure that my little book will for that reason be a useful guide to those who may wish to comprehend the struggle aright.' We already know of the work of Blair and Lyon in saving Missouri to the Union, in 1861; but here for the first time we have the inside history of the effort made to carry it over to the Confederates, and the real part taken in it by Price and his co-workers.

COULTER'S 'Manual of the Botany of the Rocky Mountain Region' (Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) certainly fills, if not 'a long-felt want,' since the Rocky Mountain region itself has not long been known to us, at least a want very deeply felt since it has existed. It is one of the few scientific books that appeal to a particularly wide audience; because it is not only the scientists and botanists who will welcome it, but the traveller most indifferent to the distinctions of Phænogamia and Pteridophyta, who fairly longs to know something, however scientific, about the wonderful flora so unlike what he has been accustomed to, and so utterly unprovided for in the standard botanies of the East. There are three well-defined floras west of the Mississippi Valley prairie region. 'Coulter's Manual' is adapted to the range including Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Western Dakota, Western Nebraska, and Western Kansas, the hundredth meridian representing very nearly the eastern boundary. The book only claims to be a compilation—a careful sifting and arrangement of scattered material; and far from aiming to supplant Gray's admirable Manual, it is intended merely as a supplement for ground not covered by Gray, arranged largely according to Gray's method. MESSRS. APPLETON publish a most attractive little book, for very young readers, called 'Friends in Feathers and Fur,' by James Johnnot. It is beautifully printed, with very clear, pretty illustrations, and it gives instruction as well as pleasure, in such a way that if children don't 'cry for it,' they at least don't cry over it, as in the days of old-fashioned reading lessons.

THE anonymous author of 'Bietigheim' (Funk & Wagnalls), taking his cue from that clever bit of prospective history, 'The Fall of the Great Republic,' undertakes to forecast the next twenty-five years of America and Europe; but, while the slow unfolding of the future alone can pronounce upon his claims to the gift of prophecy, the probabilities are not very strongly in his favor. That Ireland, under the iron hand of Conservative rule, will, by 1889, come to be better governed and more tranquil than ever before; that in 1890 the United States will send 100,000 men and a score of ironclads to aid Great Britain and her allies in a campaign against Germany, Austria and Russia; that within so brief a space of time, imperialism in Europe is to hear its knell—these are predictions not likely to be verified. Apart from the weakening effect produced by detailing in sober earnest such improbable events, the book must command attention from its eloquent style, its verisimilitude, its grasp of the salient points in the politics and diplomacy of the day, and its graphic war pictures.

SOME VERY marvellous experiences are related in 'Facts and Mysteries of Spiritism' (Philadelphia: Thomas W. Hartley & Co.). It is a book of immense credulity, tiresome and vapid, with the smallest possible grain of commonsense. How any one can be converted to a belief in spiritualism by such experiences as are here related, is beyond our comprehension. The credulity must be immense that will lead any one to accept these stupid narratives as having any basis in the world of 'facts.'—THE REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE has given the countenance of his name to a little volume of other-world literature, which appears without the author's name, but with the title of 'Light on the Hidden Way' (Ticknor). It is far less interesting than the volumes of Miss Phelps and Mrs. Oliphant—has much less of literary attractiveness; but the kind of experience it relates is very curious. The author writes with a quite realistic touch, and with great faith in the validity of her own experiences. The peculiarity of her experience is, that the other world comes to her, instead of her going to it. The soul-sick departed come to her for healing and consolation, and she works many marvellous cures.—'THE LOG OF THE ARIEL' (Cupples, Upham & Co.) is a dainty little book, whose slight text, printed to look like manuscript, is little more than an excuse for the ingenious illustrations, but has at least the merit of not being tedious. The 'Ariel' cruised along the picturesque New England coast, and many of the illustrations are of the scenery. The picture of the old Wentworth mansion at Portsmouth is particularly good.

'MANY MISTAKES MENDED' (N. Tibbals & Sons) is a popular manual calling attention to some three thousand common errors in the use of the English language, and also giving practical hints on composition, including letter-writing, cultivation of style, proper construction and collocation of sentences, punctuation, capitals, etc. The mistakes are conveniently classified under the wrong use of words and phrases, as 'healthy' for 'healthful'; words often confounded, as 'bountiful,' 'plentiful'; pleonasm, as 'accept of,' 'converse together,' 'admit of'; synonyms not rightly discriminated; vulgarisms and colloquialisms; affectations; errors in pronunciation: with a separate chapter for each of the six most often misused parts of speech. There are also lists of plurals, of abbreviations, and of Latin and French words and phrases. The volume (315 pages) is one of eminent utility, has but little of the hyper-criticism too commonly displayed in such works, and is enlivened by many illustrative anecdotes.—Good wine needs no bush, and Berkshire hardly needs a book to make its beauties known. But if there are any people still ignorant of the charms of western Massachusetts, we commend to their attention 'The Book of Berkshire,' by Clark W.

Bryan (Great Barrington : Clark W. Bryan & Co.), which is an exhaustive account of the loveliness, the history, the statistics, the good old families, and the fashionable visitors, of a region of New England which will not disappoint the tourist, even after he has read this laudatory book.

No Prizes for American Authors.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In your issue of August 7, the *Lounger* took exception to a statement made by the *Star*, editorially, to the effect that 'no prize is given to American authors, either by the Government, or by private citizens, or by corporations.' The *Lounger* pointed out that prizes and rewards for literary exercises are not unknown in American colleges; that *The Youth's Companion* has made a habit of offering, every year, several thousand dollars in prizes for short stories and serials; and that Mr. P. T. Barnum, a private citizen, once offered a prize of \$500 for a poem on the White Elephant. If the *Lounger* is going to make a complete catalogue of these munificent efforts to stimulate American literature, he should not omit the splendid inducement held forth by a firm of cigarette-makers in an advertisement item which I read yesterday in the *World*. These manufacturers propose to confer upon the happy American author who shall compose the best twenty-four line poem to be used as an advertisement of their cigarettes, the dazzling sum of \$100. For the second best they will give \$50; and for the third, \$25.

One can readily see that if American literature is to be based upon this noble foundation, the range of our poetry will be greatly extended, though perhaps not deepened. The best masters of verse in the future may be led to celebrate, not only elephants and cigarettes, but various kinds of stove-polish, plug-tobacco, collars, neckties, etc. Do you not think that this would build up a truly American realistic poetical literature? The plan might also be applied to novels, the heroes of which should be the inventors and proprietors of patent medicines, or touters for a particular hotel, steamboat or railroad; while the heroine, rescued from the clutch of a rival establishment, should signalize the occasion by marrying the rescuer or his rival, according as gratitude, ingratitude, or feminine inconsistency might dictate.

Possibly, the *Lounger* was jesting. My own impression would be that prizes offered for 'literary exercises' in our schools and colleges are not to be considered as premiums upon matured works of American genius in fiction, poetry, or scientific and scholarly treatises. I am likewise convinced that prizes offered by a periodical publication are designed largely as an advertisement, and with a special view to obtaining matter suited to the practical needs of the periodical itself. They have nothing whatever to do with the establishment of a high literary standard, or with the development of literature properly so called. The Newdigate prize for poetry at Oxford (which, you remember, Alfred Tennyson gained by his poem of 'Timbuctoo') has some weight and significance; but our college prizes for 'literary exercises' have no significance at all. College triumphs, however, are quite outside of the discussion. The *Star* evidently meant to speak of prizes given to works of true literature. Money prizes, outward and visible honors and pensions are conferred upon actual, meritorious authors in France and England. Nothing of the sort is done here. If an American author could convert himself into mud or snags, the nation would hasten to lavish great sums of money on dredging or scooping him out of his domiciliary river-bed with River and Harbor Bill machinery. As it is, he is treated with rather less consideration than mud and snags. For my part, I quite agree with the *Star*.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Aug. 30th, 1886.

The Lounger

DR. S. M. F. WRITES from Baltimore :—'In regard to the remark of the *Lounger* in THE CRITIC of August 7th, in reference to pay by prizes for literary work in America, I should like to call attention to the offer made by the American Sunday School Union for an essay on "The Christian Obligation of Property and Labor." The prize is one thousand dollars. The essay must contain over sixty thousand words, and must be presented before November, 1887. The motive of gain is not the worthiest that can inspire an author. Nor is the plan of getting him to write on a given subject the best to secure his worthiest work. As a rule, the prize will not be awarded, in all probability, to the one who has written the best essay. But the offer in the present case is a liberal one, and the subject interesting and important. It will afford the *Star's* complainant an opportunity to "get the worth of his work," perhaps.'

DR. HOLMES'S seventy-seventh birthday passed off with some little ceremony on board the *Aurania*. A friend had cabled to England to have some flowers taken aboard the steamer on the day she sailed—the 21st—and kept on ice, that they might be fresh on the 29th. Captain Haines had a birthday-cake made, and quite a number of little presents were given to the Autocrat by his fellow-passengers; all of which quite touched the heart of the young old gentleman. Dr. Holmes is suffering now from the effects of his good time in England. While the excitement lasted, he bore up wonderfully well; but now that the excitement is over, he is—or was when he reached America—suffering from the reaction. Then the genial Doctor is a martyr to asthma. It is with the greatest difficulty, at times, that he draws a breath. On Friday night the usual concert was given aboard the steamer. Thomas Hughes spoke, and Dr. Holmes presided and read his poem on 'The Steamboat.' His opening speech was conspicuous for its grace and gallantry. In this respect it was unlike the one delivered by Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes meant well; but he has a hobby, which is that Americans don't know, or if they know don't appreciate, their Lowell; and he feels it to be his duty to put in a word on this subject whenever he can. He took occasion at this time to speak of Mr. Lowell as America's greatest humorist—with Dr. Holmes sitting at his elbow.

WHILE the editor of the *Rochester Democrat* is advocating a college degree for graduates in journalism, the coming generation of journalists is preparing itself for newspaper work by actual experience at a very early age. I read in the *Tribune* the other day an acknowledgment of \$6.50, raised for that paper's noble Fresh Air Fund by the publication of an amateur sheet, *The Ninth Street Journal*, printed on a type-writer by the editor and proprietor, Master G. G. van R.—a lad of eleven summers. And now I receive a copy of the third number of *The Acorn*, 'a monthly juvenile, devoted principally to scientific jottings, and 'set up,' printed and published by the editor, Master E. L. T., of La-Paix, Maryland, a boy of thirteen. As in the case of its New York contemporary, 'the entire proceeds of *The Acorn*'—which I trust will prove a veritable golden oak—are to be devoted to a charitable object.' One of the well-known editors of this city began his journalistic career at the age of twelve, in precisely the same manner as the two young gentlemen to whose ventures I have called attention.

A MANCHESTER, N. H., bookseller is still advertising 'The Lady of Dardale, and Other Poems,' by Horace Eaton Walker; and he finds such soul-stirring eulogies of them as the following, which lend much piquancy to his advertisements :—'Your versification is good.' *Boston Journal*.—'Your poetry is good, and some of it is excellent.' *Bela Chapin*.—'Mr. Walker's poetry is good.' *Prof. H. D. Rider*.—'Your poetry is very good.' *Dr. O. B. Way*.—'Mr. Walker has written some very good poetry.' *Newport Argus*.—'Buy Mr. Walker's poems. We have no doubt the book will be better than many of a similar nature.' *Old No. 4*.—I don't know who or what 'Old No. 4' is—whether a cast-off gaiter, or a prisoner in a penitentiary; but when I find that 'it has taken Mr. Walker nearly eight years to write his book,' and that 'it will contain about 25,000 lines,' I am tempted to take No. 4's advice and buy it. Whether I do so or not will depend largely on the volume's weight and color—two points on which the publisher is ominously silent.

A FRIEND, an American painter, sojourning in Surrey, sends me a little sketch of himself seated at his easel at his easel under

an umbrella, near which stands a 'woman of the people' with a baby in one arm and the other stuck akimbo. Beneath is this legend: J. E.—'Yes, I live in America; my home is in New York.' FRIENDLY NATIVE: 'And do you come here from New York every morning?' Which reminds me of the Oxford man who, in sailing for the United States, left instructions to have his letters addressed to 'New York, South America.'

A LADY who was very much amused by Mr. Rolfe's paper in THE CRITIC of August 14th, presenting some singular examples of 'English as she is spoke' in Switzerland, showed me last week a circular in which it is advertised that 'a new serie of views from the most seeworthy sceneries of Norway are to be had at Rich. Andvords Papirhandel, Carl Johans Gade, Christiania.' 'Seeworthy,' by the way, would not be a bad addition to our vocabulary. The remainder of the circular is written in excellent English. It is a description of the so-called viking ship discovered in 1880 in a barrow or cairn at Gokstad, near Sandefjord. This interesting, if not unique, relic is reputed to be about a thousand years old—an antiquity that puts to shame the old merchantman of Philadelphia, the True Love, which is still in commission in the first quarter of its second century. The viking ship is kept in a special building on the grounds of the Christiania University, and an account of its disinterment, its removal to Christiania and its restoration to its original form has been published in Norwegian and English by the archaeologist, Mr. Nicolaysen, who superintended the excavation of the Gokstad cairn.

Magazine Notes

The Atlantic is the first to appear among September magazines, and will hold its own well even when the rest of the galaxy come forth. Mr. Bishop's serial contains such imaginative and finely original touches in the working out of the main idea, that one can but regret its complication with the inevitable divorce question. Parts of the story are such a capital study, that the reader resents the intrusion into the study of the usual story. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes one of her rare, but always impressive, short stories; and Mr. James condescends to close a chapter with a dramatic climax—perhaps because, with a closing chapter that is only the beginning of the Fifth Book of his serial, he foresees that he will have time to take it all back again if he should have startled his readers too much. The best thing in Mr. Hamerton's 'French and English' is his description of the English Government as 'an aristocratic republic preserving monarchical appearances.' John Fiske deals with 'The Paper Money Craze of 1786 and the Shays Rebellion'; George Frederic Parsons writes forcibly of 'The Saloon in Politics'; Frank Gaylord Cook of 'The Law's Partiality to Married Women'; Colonel Higginson contributes an appreciative paper on E. P. Whipple; Bradford Torrey, in 'Confessions of a Bird's-Nest Hunter,' gives information and diversion; and The Contributors' Club, which is a little sleepy sometimes, fairly scintillates with brightness; especially in the spicy criticism on synonyms.

Harper's is rather dull; suggestive of somnolent mid-summer rather than the breezy season it inaugurates. The opening article is by Theodore Child on Ferdinand Barbedienne, the great reformer who did so much to make industrial art worthy to be called art. Edward Brown follows with an illustrated paper on 'Working-men in the British Parliament'; Richard T. Ely continues his 'Social Studies' with a plea for reforming railway abuses by giving the State control over the railways; Richard A. Proctor writes of 'The Central Engine of the Solar System'; and Rear-Admiral Simpson of 'United States Docks and Navy-yards.' This is a good deal of solid information for one number. Colonel Higginson writes pleasantly of 'Old Salem Captains,' Lewis F. Allen deals with 'Shorthorn Cattle,' and Mr. E. P. Roe with strawberries. The serials and short stories, if not solemn, are none of them hilarious. —In *The Popular Science Monthly* W. D. Le Sueur criticises ex-President Porter's lecture on Evolution read before

the Nineteenth Century Club, and is much disturbed by the lecturer's grammar as well as his theories. 'In the Lion Country' is a spirited sketch by Parker Gilmore. 'Evolution in Architecture,' by Francis H. Baker, is as interesting as its title implies. Dr. G. J. Preston emphasizes the necessity for stamping out hereditary diseases by celibacy. Alfred Fouillée, writing of 'The Nature of Pleasure and Pain,' is convinced that pain is the spur of which Nature avails herself in the earliest stage of evolution, but that pleasure is the stimulus in the higher degrees of the scale. Prof. Benedict begins a series of papers on the History of Education; and James Sully, continuing his statistics on Genius and Precocity, shows that in the region of science, as well as that of art and letters, genius has on the whole begun with precocity.

Goldwin Smith's 'Election Notes,' in *Macmillan's*, is interesting, and is earnest enough to be convincing, if earnestness were enough to make any cause acceptable. He makes the unique plea against Mr. Gladstone, that he 'knew enough of Irish rule in American cities to judge what sort of blessing an Irish Parliament and Government would be to Ireland.' Arthur Tilley pleads for greater appreciation of La Fontaine; and Augustine Birrell for continued appreciation of Charles Lamb. Lieut.-Colonel Collins gives some account of 'The Gordon Boys' Home,' a noble charity started in memory of Gordon, according to a well-known and favorite plan of his own. —*The Contemporary* for August begins its list with two articles on the recent English elections (which would be spicier if they were not both from the Gladstonian side), and ends it with one by Mr. Charles Marvin, on Batoum and the termination of the freedom of that port. The space between is well filled. Besides Lubbock and Rae, on science and credit, we have 'A Venetian Dynasty,' by Mrs. Oliphant; some keen dramatic criticism by Vernon Lee, under the title 'Perigot'; and an article by Prof. Harnack, just called from Siessen to Marburg, on 'The Present State of Research in Early Church History.' *The Contemporary* does not forget that the present means different things to different minds. —*The Church Review* for August has an article on 'The Church of Ireland' by one unreconciled to its disestablishment, and another on 'The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt.' Others are of technical interest only, though we may perhaps except Mr. A. W. Thayer's paper on 'The Bene Israel in Egypt.' On the whole the number cannot be called a strong one.

The American Book-Maker for August has an article on Juan Pablos, the first American printer, who went from Spain to Mexico in the train of Mendoza, about 1540, and set up a printing-press in the city of Mexico. This number contains many practical and technical paragraphs of value to printers, bookbinders and papermakers. —*Book-Lore* for August has a curious story of the possible origin of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in the 'Adamo' of Giovanni Soranzo, printed at Bergamo by Comin Ventura in 1606. 'Caxton and his Works' and 'King James as an Author' are interesting bits of bibliography. John Ashton's 'Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England' forms the subject of an illustrated article. —*The Antiquary* for August contains numerous good short articles. 'The Historic Streets of Plymouth' and 'Underground Southampton' are interesting to travellers in general, as well as to specialists in antiquity. 'Some Visitors to Bath during the Reign of James I.' gives some pleasant gossip of the time; and Lord Romney's letter on the historic chimpanzee of 1738 is amusing enough.

The Southern Bivouac contains much interesting matter. 'Jefferson Davis at Home,' by E. Polk Johnson, gives a picture of the homelife of the ex-Confederate chief, and is accompanied by a portrait. A touching sketch of the life and death of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, is contributed by Young E. Allison. Paul Hamilton Hayne's biography of Charles Gayarré is concluded; and a memorial

notice of Hayne himself is printed under the heading of the Editor's Table. 'The Execution of John Brown' is described in a thrilling manner by Col. J. T. L. Preston, whose description was written on the spot in a private letter and is consequently valuable as an historical document.

The librarian in this year of grace who does not thoroughly understand and appreciate the duties, opportunities and possibilities of his vocation, must have some constitutional unfitness for the business. For never was the path to perfection in this very important and influential calling made so plain and easy. The American Library Association has for ten years proved a source of incalculable profit, not only to its members, but to others, by stimulating to higher aims, by the comparison of methods, and by the encouragement derived from personal contact and mutual acquaintance. *The Library Journal* has furnished a valuable medium of communication, and its ten volumes are a rich storehouse of facts, suggestions and memoranda pertaining to library economy. And now the indefatigable Melville Dewey (or Melvil Dui, as his orthographical preferences would put it), who has been interested and abundantly active in these and other enterprises helpful to his brother librarians, comes suddenly to the front again with his *Library Notes*, a quarterly of 60 pages or more, brimful of practical hints, improved methods, and labor-saving contrivances for librarians, readers, and writers. Library systems, book-plates, card-catalogues, abbreviations and contractions for names of persons and for days and months, marking systems, lamp-shades, shelf-lists, the library profession, the educational function of the library, are among the topics briefly but pointedly glanced at. No wide-awake, progressive book-man can read through this first number without considerable addition to his stock of ideas. *Library Notes* is published by the Library Bureau, Boston, and is worth much more, to persons to whom it is worth anything, than the dollar a year asked for it.

The *Nuova Antologia* for August 1st has for its leading article a paper on Charles Leconte de Lisle, a French poet of the Romantic school who has been chosen to fill the place left vacant in the French Academy by the death of Victor Hugo. 'The Ancient and Modern Transformations of Rome,' 'Prince Alexander and Bulgaria' and a continuation of the 'Journey through the Kathiavar and Central India' form the solid papers of the number. In view of the present state of the public health in Italy, an article by L. Pagliani, entitled 'The Sanitary Policy in Italy with regard to the Cholera Epidemic,' is of timely interest. F. D. Arcais writes of the new theatre at Rome, the Drammatico Nazionale, of which Azzurri is the architect. It will be the first Roman theatre lighted by the electric light. — *Le Livre* of July 10th has an article on the publishing societies of England, and one adapted from *Lippincott's Magazine* on the public libraries of New York. Alexandre Dumas's somewhat strained relations with the French Academy are written of by Charles Glinel. An interesting account is given of a Cazin edition of 'La Pucelle d'Orléans' (London, 1790), which contains twenty-three engraved plates printed in aquatint. They are in the manner of Moreau, and might reasonably be attributed to him. The departments of book-reviews and bibliophile notes which form an important feature of *Le Livre* are more than usually entertaining. The full-page plate of a binding by Lucas Cranach on a Catullus which belonged to Melancthon is rather coarse in execution.

Matthew Arnold on Free Schools.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S new Report on the Schools of the Continent is, like all that he writes, full of suggestion, and, unlike most Parliamentary papers, may be read with interest by others than those immediately concerned in the technical subject with which it deals. Mr. Arnold was commissioned, it will be remembered, by the last Tory Government to visit Germany,

Switzerland, and France, with a view to collecting information on various points connected with elementary education in those countries, and especially with the subject of free schools. He spent some four months on the task, and the interest and value of his Report are certainly a good argument in favor of the endowment of research. His Report, by the way, is dated May, 1886, and as it has only now appeared, the Education Office must have taken at least eight weeks to get it printed, which seems a somewhat excessive allowance even for a Government department.

Of the various subjects on which Mr. Arnold here gives his impressions the most alive is unquestionably that of free schools. The burden of his evidence is irresistibly in their favor. In Prussia the law prescribes free education, although it is only in Berlin and a few other favored districts that the local authorities can afford to keep the law. Swiss education is, as every one knows, free universally; and in France the payment of fees was abolished by M. Ferry's great Education Act of 1881. The experience of the Old World is repeated in the New, and it is a pity that this Report is not rendered complete by a survey of the educational systems of America and Australia. There is a remark in Professor Sutherland's excellent little book on Australia of which Governments would do well to take note: 'It is one of the advantages which England secures by having colonial dependencies that the smaller communities may sometimes be inclined to try social experiments which are at first impracticable on a larger scale. In this respect the majority of Englishmen do not value the colonies at their true worth.' For instance, is it not really a little ridiculous that we should be so anxious to learn about the working of free schools on the Continent, where the conditions of life and the national characteristics are so different from our own as necessarily to vitiate the parallel, whilst we remain completely indifferent to the experiments made by our own kith and kin in the Englands of the South? It is said that the tendency of free schools is to weaken parental responsibility and to undermine the self-reliance which is happily characteristic of our race. Well, in Australia the experiment has been tried. Victoria provides absolutely free education. In one or two of the other colonies very small fees are still charged; but the tendency everywhere is toward education at once free, secular, and compulsory. Have the results which we are told *a priori* to expect been found by experience to occur? In the absence of any official inquiry, who can authoritatively say? We commend this suggestion, therefore, to the present Vice-President of the Council. Last time he sent Mr. Matthew Arnold to report about free schools on the Continent; why not send him now to do the like in the Australian colonies? We should certainly have much to learn from their practical experience, and they would have, perhaps, something to learn from our prophet of sweetness and light.

Meanwhile it is interesting to turn in Mr. Matthew Arnold's present Report to the point of view from which in the countries he has recently visited the policy of free schools is justified. To a large extent it is not justified at all; it is not conceived as requiring any justification; it is simply taken for granted. This seems to have especially struck Mr. Arnold in France: 'If, he says, the creators of this great gratuitous system are asked what moved them to establish it, they will reply with entire frankness, *l'idée démocratique*—the democratic idea. In a democratic society, they will say, the distinction between the school child who can afford to pay fees for his schooling and who pays them, and the school child who cannot and does not, is wounding and improper. I am not quoting journalists and irresponsible declaimers, but Ministers and responsible functionaries.'

But the 'democratic idea' is not, of course, the only principle behind free schools in France. The undenominational idea is equally operative. 'Clericalism is the enemy,' and free schools form one of the weapons with which it is attacked. The undenominational education prescribed by the law causes much discontent, in the face of which the only way of making the law effective is for the State to bear the cost of primary instruction. It will be seen, therefore, how completely different are the conditions of the problem in France and in England respectively. There, free schools are a condition of undenominational education; with us, it is coming to be recognized on all sides that denominational education must be a condition of free schools.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Arnold sees nothing in the educational zeal of the French Republic but a hatred of religion. That is a common idea in this country, where we are all so fond of posing as such very superior persons compared with those deluded bigots across the Channel. Even our Radicals are not free from this self-righteousness, and some of us may remember how even *The Fortnightly Review* had nothing

but hard words some years ago for M. Ferry's educational policy of 'thorough.' It may not be amiss, therefore, to cite in some detail the very interesting testimony which Mr. Matthew Arnold bears to the present state of French education :—

The school expenditure of the Republican Government is not all due, as its enemies would have us believe, to a hatred of religion ; it is due also to a belief in the value of sound and full popular instruction, which is one of the best articles of the democratic creed, and to a conviction that this sound and full instruction is not and cannot be given by the religions. If many of the establishments of the religions are, as in fact I thought them, quite as well taught as those of the State, this is in part due, no doubt, to the wholesome necessity which competition with the State imposes on the religions to make also their secular instruction as good as that of the State. In the training schools the good effects of the present zeal and liberal expenditure for improved popular instruction are especially visible. I saw no school institution on the Continent better than the training school for masters at Auteuil. I doubt whether I saw any so good, certainly I saw none so interesting, as the training-school at Fontenay-aux-Roses for directresses and teachers of training-schools for schoolmistresses. The young women at Fontenay were in general Catholics, going to church on Sundays. The director, M. Pécaut, was originally a Protestant pastor, afterward an inspector-general of primary instruction. The lessons of pedagogy in his hands became a treatment of this subject really and truly moral and religious, and yet neither Catholic nor Protestant. All the instruction which I heard given there was of sound and good character, but this particular instruction was unique,

This training-college at Fontenay was, it is true, an exception in this matter, and for the most part Mr. Arnold found the moral and civic instruction which is now substituted throughout the French schools for direct religious instruction of little or no value :—

What I heard was in general decorous and dull : the most effective thing I heard owed its effectiveness, perhaps, chiefly to the shock of surprise which it occasioned. The thing was this. A child was asked the question, so common in the training of the young, to whom do you owe all that you are enjoying here, this fine schoolroom, these pictures, these books, this splendid city, all that gives security, comfort, and pleasure to your life ; who gives it all to you ? I listened languidly at first, but my interest awoke as it occurred to me : surely all this can be leading up to but one answer, the established answer, God, and that answer may not be given here. And it was not given ; the answer at last to the question put to the child, Who is your benefactor ? was this : *Et bien, c'est le pays* ; 'Your benefactor is your country.' The force of civic instruction, whatever we may say as to moral, could hardly, perhaps, further go.

There is something undeniably droll in Mr. Arnold's little story, but there are two things—as he would, no doubt, be the first to admit—to be remembered on the other side. In the first place, the code of civic instruction is to some extent a measure of natural and necessary retaliation. Let us give an instance. We have before us at this moment a little 'object of devotion'—one of the cards which were distributed to the pupils in conventual schools. It represents the Virgin interceding with Christ, who is about to inflict summary vengeance upon France. He holds in his hand a pair of scales, one side of which is heavily weighted down by '1798, 1830, 1848, and 1871,' while on his knee he has a book opened at the page 'La République,' but the Virgin (as the key at the back of the card explains) reminds the Saviour that there are other pages in the history of France, pages which tell of the monarchy and the great deeds which God wrought through it. If any one is offended by what strikes him as a parody of religion in the Republican code of civic morals, he may profitably pause to ask himself whether the seditious innuendo of the religious card described above is rendered less objectionable by the veil of piety which is drawn over it. Secular education, it should be remembered too, is in its infancy, and even in France they cannot cause a completely satisfactory moral code to spring full-blown from the head of a Minister ; meanwhile, the admirable teaching of M. Pécaut at Fontenay stands, as Mr. Arnold says, on record as a model of what can be done in religious but undenominational instruction.

Before leaving Mr. Arnold's lessons from France, it is only fair to mention the words of praise which he has even for that much abused and derided body the municipality of Paris. It has before now been pointed out in these columns how compulsion is the thin end of a very thick socialistic wedge. Compulsion leads logically on the one hand to free schools, and on the other to free dinners—if not also to free clothes and free books. You cannot in the long run compel all your children to come to school, unless you charge them nothing for it ; and if you fill children's heads while their bodies are bare and their stomachs are empty, you are simply throwing your money away ; indeed, it would be far better spent if you threw it straight into the sewers. Nowhere is the inevitable logic of all this recognizee

more completely than in Paris, and Mr. Arnold gives to the municipality a like praise in this respect with the State at large :—'I saw no groups,' he says, 'of children who could be called dirty and neglected. The Paris municipality provides, in connection with all its infants' schools and primary schools, a system of penny dinners, which makes undoubtedly the frequentation of these schools in decent attire an easier matter for the children of the poor. To send them decently dressed is more possible to them the less they have to spend on their food. And the rule of the municipality is that to children really poor the penny dinner shall be given free. All school children have also their school books and materials provided for them by the municipality free of cost.'

The only country dealt with by Mr. Arnold which can vie with France in the efficiency of its educational system is Switzerland, but the conditions under which free schools exist there are, as he acutely points out, very different from those under which they exist elsewhere on the Continent, and those which would prevail were they established in our own country. Mr. Arnold's remarks on this head must be cited in full :—

In other countries it is a political or governing class which establishes popular schools for the benefit of the lower classes. But in Switzerland we have the spectacle of a country where the community establishes the popular school for its own benefit. The same may be said, I suppose, of the institution of the popular school in the United States. Every one who knows Switzerland has seen the general equality of conditions which prevails there, and which determines the habits of life for the nation at large. A rich man at Zurich, the greatest employer of labor in Switzerland, told me that he sent his own children, both girls and boys, without hesitation to the popular school. When the popular school is thus freely used by all classes, and is a convenience, if not a positive need for all, it is natural to make its establishment and maintenance a corporate charge. This is what the Swiss Constitution has done ; and the cantons and communes have willingly followed the ruling of the Constitution, and made the popular school rest for support on municipal tax, not on school fee.

There is, however, another motive—also mentioned by Mr. Arnold—behind free schools in Switzerland. Government there is weak, and the action of public authority is probably less strong and stringent than in any other European country. Under such circumstances, free education is more than ever the necessary corollary of compulsion. Compulsion would be impracticable in Switzerland, Mr. Arnold was told, unless the authorities were able to allege the gratuitousness of the schooling imposed. 'You have nothing to pay, you can have no difficulty on that score, your child must attend'—is found, the school authorities told him, to be a good and effectual line of remonstrance with careless or uncomplying parents. The line taken in Germany is different, and perhaps for our own case more instructive. Opinion there is not yet decided one way or the other—nor is it here ; but the Minister of Education, says Mr. Arnold, 'I found to be warmly in favor of making the schools free' in practice as they already are by the theory of the Constitution, 'and it is commonly asserted that Prince Bismarck is of the same way of thinking.' Mr. Arnold, we believe, saw Prince Bismarck, and could hardly have failed to have tested the truth of this common assertion. 'Free schooling' Prince Bismarck is said to consider 'a particularly safe and useful form of public aid to the working classes.' That may perhaps turn out to be the most important sentence in the whole of Mr. Arnold's report. The Tory Democrats are in power in England, and the ambition of their leader is to emulate the achievements of Prince Bismarck. Lord Randolph Churchill has already in his published utterances gone very near to advocating free schools. He may perhaps educate his party even now to Prince Bismarck's conviction that they are 'a particularly safe and useful form of public aid to the working classes.'

Amateur Literary Detectives.

[The Saturday Review.]

PEOPLE who have a craze for playing at being detectives are common enough in novels, and perhaps are not wholly unknown in real life. They have read Edgar Poe, they have read Gaboriau in translations, and when a crime is committed they fancy they can rival M. Lecoq. They are not a very sensible or reputable set of mortals ; but perhaps they are not so excessively stupid and probably not so feebly spiteful as the race of Amateur Literary Detectives. When a new work, especially a new novel or a new play, is successful, instead of being glad that they have got a good thing, these dull folk set to work to raise a cry of 'plagiarism.' This, that, or the other incident has been 'stolen' from a book, or a newspaper, or another play. We

have even known the author of a play which had never been accepted at all claim copyright in a work by an author who had never seen the unrepresented and unprinted piece in his life. As a matter of fact, most possible and impossible situations were invented before literature began, were used by the authors of the anonymous popular tales which are scattered over all the world, and they now underlie all the world's poetry, from Homer to Shakspeare, and from Shakspeare to Scott. The artist's business is to use this human material successfully; it is not his business to invent such things as never occurred before, either in fiction or fact. Dryden said that a wholly original modern poet would come when the Messiah of the Jews came, and not before. A wholly original novelist may be expected at the same date.

The amateur literary detective is always a very stupid man or woman, and is often allowed to bestow all his tediousness (perhaps not undeservedly) on the people who read *The Athenæum*. When they are weary of the taste and accuracy of the personal gossip in that brilliant journal, they may turn to the bogus discoveries of the amateur detectives. Of late it is Mr. Rider Haggard, the author of 'The Witch's Head' and 'King Solomon's Mines,' who has been handed over to these tormentors. They have been publishing letters for about two months for the purpose of proving that certain African adventures in 'King Solomon's Mines' are 'conveyed' from certain books of African travel. Thus, a gentleman of the pleasing name of F. Faithfull Begg wrote to say that Mr. Haggard's use of a set of false teeth in his novel was very like an incident in Mr. Thomson's 'Masai Land.' Some one else had discovered that the astonishment of the savages on seeing Good's white legs in the romance was pariously akin to a similar event in Mr. Johnston's 'Kilima Njaro Expedition.' Mr. Haggard took the trouble of replying that he had not read Mr. Johnston's book, nor even seen it, and that 'King Solomon's Mines' was published six weeks earlier than the volume to which it was supposed to be indebted. He added that the business of the 'white legs' occurred to a relative of his own, as indeed it must have occurred dozen of times when white men undressed before black men.

This denial appears explicit enough, but the female detective had still to be reckoned with. A lady wrote promptly to *The Athenæum*, and thus took up her tale:—'No one seems to remember that Mr. H. H. Johnston's book' (on Kilima Njaro) 'appeared first in the form of letters contributed by him to the *Daily Telegraph* nearly a year before the book itself was published. Possibly Mr. Rider Haggard is not a reader of the *Daily Telegraph*, but it is difficult to accept his defence, which lies in the fact that his story was written in the first months of 1885, and published on the 1st of October, 1885, when we remember that a series of letters entitled "The Kilima Njaro Expedition" were (*sic*) being sent by Mr. H. H. Johnston from Africa to Fleet Street nine months before "King Solomon's Mines" were (*sic*) ever heard of.' Now Mr. Haggard's 'defence' was that he 'had not yet had the pleasure of reading, or even seeing, Mr. Johnston's book.' The lady detective of *The Athenæum*, therefore, charges a man with reading a book in its newspaper form, with taking an incident from it, and then with saying, when accused of the act, that 'he had not read or even seen the book.' This would be a prevarication that might startle even the oldest and most hardened of politicians. It seems odd that such an accusation should be published against any one whose fault is having diverted the public with a boy's book.

As an example of the kind of thing which misleads the stupidity of amateur detectives, we may mention a recent coincidence. Various newspapers this week published the surgical case of 'a boy with cat's eyes.' This boy is in the Eye Infirmary at Chicago. His eyeballs, in the dark, 'glisten like balls of fire,' and in a dark room 'he can see perfectly.' A peculiar distribution of the iris is said to account for these accomplishments. Probably it occurred to more than one reader of the paragraph about the boy that he, or some one like him, might be a useful character in a novel. Let no one use the *truc*. The amateur detectives of *The Athenæum* will certainly charge him with stealing from 'Les Cravates Blanches' of M. Adolphe Belot. It will be vain to reply that you never saw or read a book called 'Les Cravates Blanches.' The lady detective will say:—'Perhaps not; but "Les Cravates Blanches" came out in a serial form in the *Figaro* or the *Gil Blas*, or whatever it was, and you must have read it there.' It is a fact that M. Belot has introduced a murderer with cat's eyes, in all respects like the eyes of the boy in the Chicago Infirmary. Probably some one will write to *The Athenæum* to say that the boy, Master Quinn, stole his eyes from 'Les Cravates Blanches.'

Current Criticism

A WANT WELL SUPPLIED.—The literature of the greatest dramatic era since the revival of learning, the greater part, at least, of the Elizabethan drama, is practically a closed book, utterly extinct as regards the stage, and as cryptic to the reading public as are the tombs of the Pharaohs. The annals of the stage are astonishingly rich in personal records and anecdote, in criticism and biography, and in all the material that is indispensable in the resuscitation of the dead past. Hitherto, unfortunately, this teeming and invaluable testimony has remained inaccessible in a great measure to all but students, and quite beyond the assimilative powers of the new order of playgoers. Even if this vast accumulation of evidence were not scattered far and wide, often in the most unpromising quarters, the need of a handy and authoritative digest is rendered the more pressing by the present increase of contemporary criticism and biography, much of which is contributed to periodicals and liable to be overlooked. This want is most admirably supplied by the novel and ingenious scheme of Messrs. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, the editors of 'Actors and Actresses in the United States,' the first volume of which is now before us. The editorial aim is to present a gallery of portraits of representative British and American actors from the age of Garrick to the present time, by selecting from the resources of criticism, biography and anecdote everything that is necessary to the distinction and individualism of portraiture.—*The Saturday Review*.

ZOLA AND THE STAGE CENSORSHIP.—Émile Zola's influence has probably brought about the action taken by the French Committee on the Budget looking toward the abolition of all Government censorship of plays. Zola has been vigorously working to that end ever since the prohibition of his 'Germinal.' It is doubtful, however, if the desired change will be brought about very soon. Censorship of the stage in France has always had a political rather than a moral significance, and it is doubtful if public opinion in the Republic would favor the abolition of a power which has not always been unwisely exerted. Theoretically the prohibition of plays by the General Government is, of course, absurd, especially in a republic. If a play is immoral or harmful to the welfare of the public, or its performance is indecent, the authority of the police ought to be sufficient for its suppression. In England the censorship of plays, chiefly in the interest of public morals, is highly ludicrous. It has often been pointed out that the examiner of plays gives his approval to French farces full of shocking innuendoes and withholds it from original work of sound merit, which offends what he calls his sense of propriety. Some day the conservative Englishmen will wake up and deprive him of his power, for his work is worse than useless; but M. Zola and his friends will have a hard fight to do away with stage censorship in France.—*The Times*.

MISS HAPGOOD'S RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS.—A cordial reception should be given by all who are interested in folklore to the translation which an American lady, Miss Isabel Florence Hapgood, has made of the epic songs of Russia. Prof. Francis J. Child, than whom no better judge of ballad literature exists, has prefixed an introductory note to the work, which he justly designates as 'this spirited and sympathetic version of the more important of the Great Russian Popular Heroic Songs.' . . . It will be interesting to see what are the opinions of Western scholars, now that they have a fair opportunity of forming them, as to the various influences which produced and modified these expressions of popular fancy in the North-east of Europe. In Russia much has been written on the subject, a number of eminent scholars, among whom may be specially named Profs. Buslaef, Bezsonof, and Orest Miller, maintaining that they are of native growth, while others support the views of Mr. Vladimir Stassof, of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, who sees in them many Oriental features, and attributes at least a certain amount of their color and imagery to the effect produced upon the Russians bordering on Siberia by their Asiatic neighbors.—*The Academy*.

THREE GREAT BOOKS FOR BOYS.—We question whether Mr. Stevenson will ever again come quite up to the freshness of 'Treasure Island,' a book which may be said to have had more charm for boys than even 'Robinson Crusoe' itself, though less for men. Indeed, we should be disposed to regard the boys of England who lived before 'Robinson Crusoe' was written, as boys without a literature, and the boys who lived between 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Treasure Island,' as boys who had only a foretaste of what was in preparation for them; while boys

who have lived since 'Treasure Island' was published, are boys who have a right to look back on all previous boyhoods with compassion, as boyhoods sunk in comparative darkness, or touched only with the streaks of dawn. 'Kidnapped' is not so ideal a story of external adventure as 'Treasure Island.' On the other hand, it has more of human interest in it for those who have passed the age of boyhood. It touches the history of Scotland with a vigorous hand. It gives a picture of Highland character worthy of Sir Walter Scott himself. Its description of the scenery of the Highlands in the old, wild times, is as charming as a vivid imagination could make it; and the description of the cowardly old miser who plotted his nephew's death rather than give him up his inheritance, is as vivid as anything which Mr. Stevenson's singular genius has yet invented for us.—*The Spectator*.

RALEIGH AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY.—Few figures in their history are more attractive to Nineteenth Century Englishmen than that of Raleigh. He seems to them to embody all that is most fascinating in the Elizabethan age. A poet and a courtier, a soldier and a seaman, a daring explorer and a passionate lover of adventure—all those qualities that are supposed to have distinguished the men of Gloriana's reign are called to mind by the mere mention of his name. It is no exaggeration to say that more than all that Sidney appeared to his contemporaries to be, Raleigh has become in the eyes of posterity. Mr. Gosse has produced, as might be expected, a most agreeable book, ['Raleigh,' in the English Worthies Series.] He has displayed his usual industry in searching for materials, he has shown the skill of a practised author in his arrangement of them, and he has embodied them in an easy narrative that can be perused without an effort by the idliest reader. Very wisely he has confined himself to writing a life of Raleigh and not a history of the times in which he lived. He has not thought it necessary to give an account of the Spanish Armada, or to write a chronicle of the administration of Ireland in Elizabeth's days. Indeed, taken simply by itself, Raleigh's life was, owing to his unceasing energy, so full of variety that the 220 pages allotted to Mr. Gosse have hardly sufficed for an adequate biography, even under the limitations Mr. Gosse has prudently imposed on himself.—*The Athenæum*.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

The Magazine of Art for September has a paper on 'Art in Australia,' by R. A. M. Stevenson, which speaks hopefully of the future of the independent art of that colony. The Madison Square, Casino and Lyceum Theatres in New York are written of architecturally and decoratively by W. J. Henderson. The illustrations are delicately drawn and printed. John Collier's portrait of Miss Nettie Huxley is a good engraving of a well-handled figure. The American painter, Picknell, is highly spoken of in connection with his picture 'A Sultry Day' in the Suffolk Street Exhibition, to which is given the honors of full-page reproduction. The frontispiece of the number gives a statue, 'The Sower,' after Hamo Thomycroft, which is a good example of success in presenting repose in action.

—Frederick Barnard, who is illustrating 'Springhaven' in *Harper's*, recently broke his leg, and was compelled to draw some of the illustrations for Blackmore's story lying on his back in bed. He is so pleased with the work thus accomplished, that he declares he has a mind to break his other leg as soon as he is out of the doctor's hands.

—To the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* of August 1st Mons. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie-Française, contributes a paper on the fine collection of pictures, statues and manuscripts housed in the Théâtre-Français.

—The so-called Century Guild of Artists are about to establish, if they have not already done so, a quarterly organ to be known as *The Hobby-Horse*. It will contain illustrations, poems and essays, and a continuous series of notes on the National Gallery. Amongst the contributors engaged for the first year are Ford Madox Brown, Ernest Rhys, Arthur Galton, the late D. G. Rossetti and the late Mrs. Anne Gilchrist. It is not stated whether the contributions of the last-named writers have been prepared in the spirit-land or not. The price of the quarterly in England will be ten shillings, and it will bear the imprint of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. *Fac-similes* of a sonnet by Keats and the unique copy of Blake's ballad of 'Little Tom' will also be published.

Notes

W. M. ROSSETTI is engaged in the preparation of a collected edition both of the prose and poetry of his brother, D. G. Rossetti, who died in 1882. We believe this work will be issued some time in advance of the holidays. The surviving brother is also devoting much time to preparing for the press the 'Life and Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti'; but the publication of this latter work will be delayed a year or two longer. There is a demand for these works; and the well-known ability of W. M. Rossetti as a critic and biographical writer affords the best guaranty of their excellence.

—Harper & Brothers will publish at once a tale for boys by David Ker, author of 'The Lost City.' It is entitled 'Into Unknown Seas.'

—General McClellan's reminiscences of the Civil War will be issued by Chas. L. Webster & Co. on Dec. 1st. The book will be entitled: 'McClellan's Own Story. The War for the Union. The Soldiers Who Fought It; The Civilians Who Directed It; and His Relations to It and to Them.' The illustrations are by A. R. Waud, who accompanied Gen. McClellan, and the drawings are from sketches taken on the battle-field.

—Mr. Lawrence Barrett is playing an interesting engagement at the Star Theatre, where he has been seen this week in 'Yorick's Love,' 'Richelieu' and 'Hamlet.' To-night (Saturday) he will appear in 'Julius Cæsar.'

—To Cassell's National Library have been added 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator's Club,' Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' and the 'Religio Medici' of Sir Thomas Browne. Howells's 'Chance Acquaintance' has appeared in the Riverside Paper Series.

—'As Common Mortals' is reported to have been written by two persons—one a Brooklyn lady, the other a well-known novelist.

—Prof. McMaster's volume on 'Benjamin Franklin' will be the next addition to the American Men-of-Letters Series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Walter Besant's forthcoming story will be called 'The Children of Gideon.'—Several columns in a state of perfect preservation have just been unearthed on the Acropolis at Athens. They belong to a period before the Persian wars.—It has been supposed that the name 'Columbia' was first used in America in 1775; but Col. Albert H. Hoyt has found it in a volume of poems composed in 1761, mostly by Harvard graduates, in commemoration of George II. and congratulation of George III., and in poems printed in the *Massachusetts Gazette* of April 26th, 1764.

—A collection of some of Thackeray's fragmentary pieces will soon be published under the title of 'Sultan Stork, and Other Stories, Sketches and Ballads.' An appendix will contain a revised and enlarged bibliography of Thackeray.

—Roberts Bros. will have a beautiful holiday book in Mrs. Helen Jackson's 'The Procession of the Flowers,' illustrated in water-colors by Alice A. Stewart. Only one hundred copies will be issued, which will be numbered and signed and printed on Whatman's drawing papers. They have in press also 'Sonnets and Lyrics,' a collection including every poem of importance written by Mrs. Jackson since the publication of the first volume of 'Verses by H. H.,' and a volume of her latest short stories, to be called 'Between Whiles.'

—Gen. Lew Wallace is said to have made the illustrations for 'Ginevra,' a forthcoming story by his wife.—A reprint of Shelley's early poem, 'The Wandering Jew,' is to be brought out in England by Bertram Dobell.—A Shelley Society is projected in Melbourne, Australia.

—Miss Cleveland has written an introduction for Miss Frances E. Willard's new book, 'How to Win,' now going through the presses of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls.—Brentano Bros. will soon issue a novel called 'Dollars or Sense,' by Arthur Louis.—'a tale of every-day life in England and America.'—Robert Browning and Walter Besant are members of a committee formed to arrange an exhibition in London next year to illustrate the history of the Jews in England.

—Among the new issues of the season in Paris may be mentioned 'La Terre des Merveilles,' a 'promenade' in our National Park, by Jules Leclercq, President of the Royal Geographical Society of Belgium; 'The Occult,' an exhaustive review of ancient and modern magic, by Felix Fabart, with an astronomical preface by Flammarion; 'Mémoires sur Napoléon et Marie Louise,' by Mme. Durand, first lady in waiting to the Empress, abounding in details regarding Napoleon's private

life and his sojourn in Elba; 'Cité Chinoise,' by Eugène Simon, written from the notes of a long residence as a consul in China; 'Les Fils du Siècle,' a novel, by Edouard Delpit; and three Russian translations: 'Poor Moschko,' by K. E. Franzas; 'A Thousand Souls,' by A. Pizemsky and 'Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts,' by Dostoyevsky, the 'house of the dead' in this case being Siberia. Mons. Paul Bonnetaine has issued a sensational novel entitled 'L'Opium,' in which he claims to have embodied the results of recent personal researches in China and Tonquin. The Paris correspondent of *The Illustrated London News* refers to it as forming a companion volume to De Quincey's 'Confessions.'

—Benson J. Lossing has written a book in which he narrates all that is known of the mother and the wife of George Washington. It is the fruit of the most careful and comprehensive research. Like all Dr. Lossing's works, 'Mary and Martha,' as the new book is called, is full of illustrations. It will be published by Harper & Bros. in a few days.

—George H. Buchanan & Co., of Philadelphia, will hereafter confine the use of this firm-name to their printing business. As publishers they will take the style of Arnold & Co.

—'Cynewulf's Phoenix,' Vol. IV. in the Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, edited by Prof. W. S. Currell, of Hampden-Sidney College, Va., will not appear till the fall.—Leach, Shewell & Sanborn announce for immediate publication: 'Good Reading: for School and Home,' a volume of original and selected articles, 'Wells's Plane Geometry,' by Webster Wells; and 'Forty Lessons in Punctuation and Use of Capitals.'

—To-day Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish the following books:—'Poverty Grass,' a collection of short stories by Lillie Chace Wyman; 'Memoirs and Letters of Mrs. Madison' (a companion volume to the 'Memoirs of Mrs. Edward Livingston'); Miss Jewett's first book, 'Deephaven,' which inaugurates the new Riverside Pocket Series of 'ten books which have already won no small degree of popular favor;' the 'Cabinet Edition of Poets,' a reissue in a different form of the volumes comprised in the popular Diamond Edition; and the Fireside Edition of Hawthorne, in six volumes, sold only in sets.

—The sheets of Gladstone's 'Irish Question' were received by the Scribners only twenty-four hours before their edition of the book was ready for the public.—In the September *Book-Buyer* are several colored illustrations, printed by a new process by which three or four colors can be printed at one impression. There are portraits in this number of Tolstol and Donald G. Mitchell.

—'Liturgies and Offices of the Church for the Use of English Readers in Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer,' by Edward Burbidge, will be issued early in September by Thomas Whittaker.

—Prof. Wm. H. Payne, of the University of Michigan, has written a work entitled 'Contributions to the Science of Education,' which will be published immediately by Harper & Bros. and (in Great Britain) by Blackie & Son, of Glasgow. The next issue in the new Classical Series which Harper & Bros. are issuing, under the supervision of Prof. Drisler, of Columbia, will be the last nine books of the Iliad, edited by Prof. Tyler, of Amherst.

—Porter & Coates will publish in a volume separate from the Comte de Paris's history of the Civil War, the episode of Gettysburg, edited by Col. J. P. Nicholson. It will include maps and the most complete rosters yet published of the opposing armies.

—*The Mail and Express* announces that the increase in its circulation has necessitated the purchase of a Hoe press that will print and fold 60,000 copies of a four-page paper every hour. It already has two presses that together can turn out as many copies as the new one in a given time. How many hours it will take to print its daily edition at this rate, the publisher does not say.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the English Orientalist, has been made an LL.D. by Smith College, Northampton, Mass., and a Doctor of Philosophy by the College of the Sisters of Bethany, Topeka, Kansas.

—A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press for publication in the fall: 'The Aztecs,' from the French of Lucien Biart, by J. L. Garner; 'The Home-Life of Great Authors,' by Hattie Tyng Griswold; 'On Shakespeare,' from the French of Victor Hugo, by Melville B. Anderson; 'Whist-Scores and Card-Table Talk,' with a bibliography of whist, by Rudolph H. Rheinhardt; and 'The Standard Oratorios,' by George P. Upton, uniform with the same author's 'Standard Operas.'

—'Sir Percival,' the new novel by J. H. Shorthouse, author of 'John Inglesant,' is said to be designed as a blow at agnosticism, in the form of a modern story adapted from the 'Morte d'Arthur.'

—Mr. Carnegie's 'Triumphant Democracy' has appeared in Paris in a translation made by Jules Combe.—Thomas Page, the Richmond lawyer and *littérateur*, who is now on a wedding-tour in Europe, is said to be preparing a novel, and also some short stories to be entitled 'Polly,' 'Stracted' and 'A Story of Empire.'—Tolstol has just completed a play based upon Russian legends relating to the invention of brandy by the devil. The *dramatis persona* of the drama are all demons.—The opponents of International Copyright have lost their leader by the death of Roger Sherman, the rich Philadelphia publisher who said that he was proud to be called a pirate.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1186.—I find Joaquin Miller's middle name spelt in two ways, *Heine* and *Hiner*. Which is correct?
New York.

H. W. B. H.

[His name, we believe, is Cincinnati *Hiner* Miller.]

No. 1187.—A book called 'Belle Brittan on a Tour at Newport and Here and There' was published by Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street, New York, in 1858. What was the name of the author? On page 59 of the book will be found a third verse added to Burns's 'John Anderson, my Jo,' as the book says by 'Charles Gould, Esq., the banker, of New York.' Did Mr. Gould ever write anything else in the line of poetry, and if so, what? Talmage quoted the second stanza in one of his late sermons, and the three stanzas taken together equal anything, I think, in the English language. A genius that could see the necessity for a third verse, and had the talent to compose one that fitted the other two so well in language, in measure, and in theology, should have written something more. I have made a copy of Mr. Gould's stanza. Here it is:

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we hae slept thegither
The sleep that a' mair sleep, John,
We'll wake wi' ane anither.
[And] in that better world, John,
Nae sorrow shall we know
Nor fear we e'er shall part again,
John Anderson, my jo.

CLINTON, ILL.

C. H. M.

[The author of 'Belle Brittan' was Col. Hiram Fuller, editor of the New York *Evening Mirror*. He was at one time the partner of Morris and Willis. When the Civil War broke out he went to England, where he started a paper in the interest of the Confederacy. He died a few years since.]

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Adams, Oscar Fay. August. 75c.....	Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
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